

Remember

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Summary: " Cole's eyes bored into Alistair, and he felt them peer into his very soul. "It doesn't matter that they don't remember me, what matters is I helped." "Kid, thank you, but I don't need help."  
"

Remember

Cole looked out across the crowd from his perch on the balcony. The newly fixed and refurbished hall was filled with people, excitable and chattering about the Inquisition's triumph over Corypheus.

Cole's eyes swept through the massive hall, over the beautiful tapestries and glittering mosaics pinned high to the walls, all the depictions ranging from Orlesian to Tevinter to Dalish.

Suddenly a trumpet blared through the hall, and a short, haughty looking man cleared his throat loudly.

"Introducing, The Rulers of Ferelden, King Alistair Theirin and Queen Anora Theirin."

The room burst into applause and the spirit boy frowned as two more people entered. They both stood tall, dressed in fine, expensive clothes. The woman had a slightly rounded stomach. The man looked uncomfortable. Cole cocked his head to the side, following their movements as they walked through the hall towards the main table, where the Inquisitor welcomed them with a friendly hand shake.

"Shite!" Cole turned to the blonde elf as she pouted angrily and stomped her foot.

"Is there something wrong..."

"Yeah there is," Sera huffed. "I missed my chance at hittin' the biggest arses in Thedas." He took notice of the two small glass bottles filled with a murky liquid in her hands. "An' now you're in my spot!"

"I thought it was Vivienne's balcony."

"Pish." She scoffed.

"Why're you lookin' so confused demon?" Said boy inclined his head towards the girl who sat to his right, mimicking his position with her legs dangling in the air and arms crossed under her chin.

"Why are they so loved?"

Sera shrugged, picking at a splinter of wood near her finger.

>"They're not really. Better than our last king, by far. I guess it's cause Alistair helped saved Ferelden from the Blight - nobody really cared about him beforehand. And Anora's a manipulative whore that's been served with golden plates since infancy."<p>

Cole frowned at his companion. "You feel bitter, but not for you, why?"

She pursed her lips but reluctantly scooted closer into Cole's side. She pointed at a group of people, who were sitting off to the side of the wall.

"Ye' see that elf, the one with the - ahem - blue hair?" Cole could see her, it was hard not to. Blue tendrils peeked out from under her hood. She was speaking quietly with Leliana, both woman had smiles stretched softly across their faces. Even if not for the unnatural colouring, it was easy to pick her from the crowd. She had a large pulsating aura that demanded respect, but in a nice way. It also felt friendly, homely, motherly.

\*\* Years spent among a millenia of heart and souls. Cinnamon swirled into hot cocoa powder "It's a gift." Greeting the storm like an old friend. If only people cared less of gold and more of...\*\*

At Cole's nod, she continued. "That's Bela Tabris, more famously known as the Hero of Ferelden."

"Bright eyes twinkle, just barely dodging guards 'its just a loaf of bread!'"

Sera scowled and whacked his arm. "Oi, stop goin' through my head."

"The fractures weren't her fault, but she said they were. Why did she say that?"

"Wha'd I just say!"

"I'm sorry, you're loud."

Sera is silent for a moment, she wasn't too sure whether his earlier statement was her own questioning or his.

"She and her cousins, Shianni and Soris - they're around somewhere too - were in the same alienage as me. They're years older but we would still play together. Everyone played together. When I saw play, I mean mostly prank, and when we got caught, Bellatrix would always stay behind and take the blame. Somethin' about being the oldest and 'most mature'. Pff if that bint is mature, then I'm a mage!"

" 'Dangerous, terrifying, unknown,' you are not a mage Sera, why would you say you are?"

Sera rolled her eyes at the young man's expression, and she continued on, ignoring his question.

"But she was always nice, in a weird way, though. She'd be snarky and bitchy, an sometimes downright awful, but most of the time she never meant it. Y'know."

He did. He could see the images that poured from her head as clear as crystal. He could see her snarky replies to the guardsmen - shems, as the elves had called them jokingly - which led to numerous beatings. A few of them were public, a warning for all the alienage to see. But those were very few. Most were given to her in the heat of the moment, or in a private office of some head guard that had a quarrel with the young woman.

Every time the young Sera had seen an ugly mark on Bela's creamy skin she was horrified - her idol, even before the Blight was being hurt, and she was doing nothing to defend herself. She just knelt on the dirt and took it all without protest. With a look in her eyes that promised further defiance.

She was brave, but at times, very stupid - it was part of her charm.

He could see the disaster that took her away from the alienage - a red wedding filled with pain and fear and anger. The anger radiating from the memory of that event was staggering. It hurt his heart to see it play out. He was more human now, and it was harder to see it, but one he latched on it was so much more intense...

"... nobody really paid much attention to the massacre, not until a year and a half later, when she came back. I didn't get around to her but she was changed, she had seen things. Horrible things. I could tell. Later on, 'Spawn overran the alienage..."

Cole saw her appear from the dirt and rubble. With hair like flames and blood staining her skin up to her elbows. Her cerulean eyes were wild, dancing dangerously with the same fire that her orange hair was made from.

Her home was the first place she cleared, nobility be damned, her family was in the alienage and family came before all else. Sera hadn't fought then - too weak, too young, she had been hustled away from the fray by an elderly neighbour. But Sera had marveled at the woman. The woman that spun around street corners and leaped over crates of apples like a skilled dancer. The woman with the long glittering knives and bottled fury. Her friend.

Her hero.

Bellatrix Tabris. The Hero of Fereldan. A Little Person that Big People only wanted around when she came in handy.

\* \* \*

><p>All Alistair wanted to do was sit back and have a wheel of cheese - don't even bother giving him a knife, he'll eat it by the block. He didn't want Anora complaining in his ear about how the room wasn't big enough or how the Inquisitor hadn't appointed them enough servants or how a random citizen had looked at her rudely or how improper it was to mingle with peasants because <em>Maker forbid<em> that they are allowed to celebrate being alive too.

And Alistair certainly didn't want to almost have a coronary because a strange hatted boy appeared in his separate room. He may have screamed, but it was a very kingly scream and there was no shame in that. Even if it wasn't, it wasn't as if anyone could call him out on it. He was the king, as everyone liked to remind him.

>"Who-wha-what the- Who are you?!" He spluttered.<p>

The strange boy tilted his head "Cole."

"Alllrighty then, I probably deserved that, what are you doing here?"

"To help. You're hurt." Somehow Cole's gaze intensified "I want to help."

Alistair remembered whispers of a strage boy that wandered Skyhold. A strange phantom like boy that would ease ones anxiety and fears. He vaguely remembers at the official introductions of the Inquisition to the royalty a "Cole, of Orlais, of the Inquisition, of Compassion" being called out and a small pause. Then a polite applause. No one knew who he was, although he was the only one with more than one title - no matter how simple. Alistair couldn't help but feel for the poor lad.

>Coles eyes bored into Alistair, he felt it go into his very soul.<p>

"It doesn't matter that they don't remember me, what matters is I helped."

"Kid, thank you, but I don't need help with any-"

"\*\*\_Flames tumble down her back. Reaching out. Will I be burnt? It was worth it. Everything was worth it\_\*\*."

Alistair gaped at the odd boy as he tilted his head downwards, hiding his face behind the wide brim of his hat. The king stumbled over his words for a few moments before eloquently ending with a  
"\_Whaaat?!\_"

"\*\*\_Years passed in silence. Too long, but you can talk tomorrow. Tomorrow is good.\_\*\* There have been many tomorrows."

Alistair froze under Cole's gaze. He now understood what the boy was harping on about.

He sank heavily onto the plush bed, burying his face in his hands.

Alistair remembered that moment, when he had reached out, lightly combing his fingers through her thick red hair - which was more of an orange colour than Leliana's. It was their last night together and they had just held one another close. The entire night they were silent, not a single word passed between them.

Cole appeared cross legged on the bed beside him. The king peeked through his fingers before lowering his hands to his knees with a sigh. "How do you know all that? Are you some sort of mage?"

The boy shook his head lightly. "No, I am Cole. I want to help." He said softly staring the king directly in the eyes.

\* \* \*

><p>Cole watched from his perch on the high ramparts as Alistair stealthily approached the Warden Commander as she experimentally mixed vialled substances in a small cauldron, under the shade of the densely packed trees.<p>

"Your stealth hasn't improved in fifteen years, Your Majesty."

"Please don't call me that."

Cole felt a smile twitch itself onto his face as the two Wardens gradually sat shoulder to shoulder. Just like they used to be. Just like they were supposed to be. The two cared for one another too much for their bonds to be forgotten to all except in the dead of night, when the whispers of candlelight is the only thing that breathes of a brighter future. One that is filled with equality. Filled with respect, and hope, and compassion, and love.

Sera was right, nobody really cared for Alistair before he was king, before he could do something for them, but she did. They survived together and she soon came to care for him. Cole could see their journey together, the friends - no, family they found along the way. And it was beautiful.

It was all so much harder to see now, and he can't make people forget anymore but as Cole looked down at the two he felt... something swell up in his chest. It was very subtle, barely there, but he could feel something reforming between the heroes. And that made him feel good.

Now people remembered him - remembered what he did for them. And it felt nice. Just like Bela's aura.

Cole watched the two heroes converse quietly, watched as the laughter danced in Bela's eyes, watched as Alistair found his meaning again, the poorly veiled elation that he was actually talking to her again. Just like old times.

Yes, it definitely helps to remember. Remembering is good. Cole likes it when others remember. Perhaps he should try it, too?

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Well I feel like I messed up Cole's way of speaking, but overall I'm happy with how this turned out. Funnily enough I had

meant it to be a lot darker, but it just didn't feel right. I enjoyed writing this, with two of my favourite characters. I hope you all enjoyed reading this, and please tell me your thoughts. Have a good day all!<strong>

End  
file.